HIS interducin' self-gov'ment into Mexico," remarked Uncle Eben Penney, as he joined the stove group at Penney and Hubbard's one evening, "is good deal like teachin' Yew-ginicks to a dergarten—it's premachure. Nobody but geelist would have the nerve to tackle it." Taint no place for sugar cured ideels down "drawled Ezra Knight. "They'd keep er in brine 'till next Congress."

Incle Eben seated himself and reflectively ed three dried beans at the stove.

Wal, Ezry, we do appear to 'a dug up more jes th'n we kin kill-so far-but the race stalways to the swift nor the battle to the we must watchfully wait, as the set-pullet remarked to the hard-biled eggs." They do be sayin' that Hoorty's comed to start somethin' fresh," ventured Mike gan. "Sure, th' sunny skies iv Mexico sees dull times these days. I'm thinkin' th' Se is heavy for a single thrack mind-an' finnaw fwhat that same is annyway," and

the puffed vigorously at his black clay. of Bill Castle," Uncle Eben remarked, as colled slowly at his left whisker; "Ol' Bill the come down to the store three, four ago with a big hunch that flour was way up. He got givin' his reasons and apshot of it was he ordered two bar'ls, an' eggs an' corned pork an' so on, an' told to load 'em on the spring wagon while he acrost the street. Wal, Bill got to the internal rev'noo that afternoon, so he started he didn't only have the flour he back an' the eggs under his feet, but ekon there was a fog under his hat. Any he didn't see the evenin' freight comin' at the crossin' an' when she'd hit him only part o' that wagon you couldn't 'a put te stove was the shafts. They picked Bill

offen the pilot looking' like a great human scrambled egg-kind o' stunned but not much hurt-an' the fust thing he said when he come to was, 'Is flour riz?' '

"What ye gunnin' at, Eben?" asked Ezra; "dummed if I see what that's got to do with

"I was kinder illustratin' the effect of a master idee on a single track mind," replied

"Now ef Hoorty goes back to Mexico he's goin' to run into a master idee in Washin'ton that he's a Pers'nal Affair. Cy Claffin says that the motter of this 'dministration had orter be 'Public Matters is Pers'nal Affairs.' Ye see Hoorty don't jest reek with the odor o' sanctity which is the favorite perfume at Washin'ton an' they're some sore yet over that flag saloot-that was another Pers'nal Affair. So his goin' back to Mexico won't simplerfy matters none."

"Twud make wan more rev'lushn," remarked Colgan.

"Yes, Mike, but ye'd hardly notice it. The struggle of the 85 per cent for self-government has got so mixed that it 'minds me of the wheels in Zekiel-a wheel as it were within a wheel an' wheels on all four sides an' all around an' nobody knows whence they come an' whither they go-an' so on. An', of course, all them wheels revolutin' at once would crowd a four track mind some-an'

"Hoorty was th' best iv th' bunch," said Colgan. "We'd a right to lave him alone, I'm

"It's hard pickin' from rotten apples, but a lot o' folks who'd orter 'a knowed thought so, too," replied Uncle Eben. "But the Pres'dent sent him a squarehead with a lecture on Const'tutional gov'ment that proved positive as Hoorty had to resign. Hoorty bein' busy

hadn't no time to study the higher branches just then, so he chased Lind away to Vera Cruz where the navy was. Lind looked it over and reported to Joe Daniels that 'twas finer'n anything he ever see on the upper Mississippi. Joe was most tickled to death.

"Wal, there come the takin' of Veera Cruz an' the war for the service of Mankind an' Niagara Park, an' the saloot that wasn't never fired, an' so on. Then the promised peace started to descend; I reckon Mexican peace an' Mexican pesos is consid'ble alike-good what there is of 'em an' plenty of 'em such as they be-and wuth consider'ble less'n their face at that. But it's a peace that passeth the understandin' o' the helt o' people. Down there the victor's crown is to him who can collar all what's loose an' git a crowbar under what ain't, an' any patrit that has killed ten Americans gets a statue."

"What's been done bout that there Mc-Manus?" interrupted Ezra. "That was bad

"Oh, McManus didn't 'ppreciate the inner meanin' of all hat fuss down there an' so when Zopatty's soldiers started arobbin' of his house he kinder objected. So they filled him full o' lead morn' a Jersey Heifer in deer week, an' done somethin' to the American flag that the papers only hints at. The State Department said the usual 'searchin' investigation' would be made, an' I s'pose it was. Last I heerd there warn't no apology comin', but somethin' was said about payin' fer McManus. There's been a pile of them searchin' investigations. They're awful polite things.

"'Did ye happen to notice that you've killed another American?' asks Bryan.

"'Wal,' says Zopatty, 'mebbe you're right, but I hadn't no notion you'd object. I didn't give no orders 'bout that p'ticler man, so o' course you won't need no apology, but I'm

"They Do Be Sayin' That Hoorty's Come Back to Start Somethin' 'Fresh'," Ventured Mike Colgan.

willin' to pay a fair price ef ye give me time -nuff time.

"'Sounds good to me,' says Bryan, 'that orter please everybody but the McManuses, an' ef thev'd a staved at home where they b'long there wouldn't a been no trouble. Don't say nothin' 'bout the flag unless ye want to offer us a saloot-I shouldn't think of demand-

clumsy business, as its weight is about a Tun. I

wish it might succeed, and the ships be blown up

beyond the Earth, for it is the only way or chance

Although Ezra Lee did not succeed in making

the Eagle soar skyward, Bushnell was not discour-

aged. Let him tell the story of a subsequent

the year 1777 I made an attempt from a whale-boat

against the Cerberus frigate, then lying at an-

chor between the Connecticut River and New Lon-

don, by drawing a machine against her side by

means of a line. The machine was loaded with

powder, to be exploded by a gunlock, which was

to be unpinioned by an apparatus to be turned by

being brought alongside of the frigate. This ma-

chine fell in with a schooner at anchor astern of

some means or other it was fired, and demolished

the schooner and three men, and blew the only

one left alive overboard, who was taken up very

the frigate, and concealed from my sight.

much hurt."

exploit in his own rather naïve language: "In

they have of reaching St. Peter's Gate."

in' it under the circumstances; we'd orter forgive an' forget,' says Bryan, beamin' with benev'lence. "'Suits me,' says Zopatty, 'ef you c'n man-

age the forgivin' part I'll struggle along with the forgettin' as well as I can,' says he, pensively shootin' two Americans an' grabbin' their cattle.

"An' so we hear that the incident's closed 'cause Zopatty's going to pay for McManus, like a drum o' dried codfish. 'Taint a cash transaction at that. We got a string o' them items charged up, but collectin' is slow-account of the war, I s'pose.

"Some o' them Americans down there is actin' mighty bad. 'Can't you do somethin' for us?' they wires Bryan. 'Whadd'ye mean?' asts Bryan. 'You ain't in no trouble, be ye?' 'Lordy Massy, trouble's our middle name,' says the victims of Mexican asp'rations for lib'ty. 'Better move out, then,' says Bryan. 'I'm told the travellin's good,' says the Sekertary of State. 'Must a ben a lunatic told ye that,' yells the victims divin' into a drain. 'Wal, it warn't,' says Bryan. 'Twas John Lind, the naval expert.' 'Tell the American people how things is,' pleads the victims. 'That wouldn't do no ways,' says Bryan. 'It would interfere with this great struggle f'r self-government.' And so the Semoleon of Diplomacy starts on another lecture tower."

"'Tis little he knows of th' land iv Montezuma," interjected Colgan, "but in th' land iv Mezuma there's few bates him."

"You put that pretty good, Mike, but a man's got to earn a livin' somehow. Lecturin's respectable. Ye wouldn't expect a Cab'net officer to take in washin', would ye?" asked Uncle Ebebn stolidly.

iv us," grunted the Irishman.

"He's a right to stay on his job like th' rest

eral blockade. David Bushnell died in 1824 at the

age of eighty-two. The encyclopædias scarcely mention him now. The best tribute to his genius and his achievement is contained in technical works on the submarine, mostly written by foreigners, and in the letter which George Washington sent to Thomas Jefferson two years after the signing of the treaty of peace with England. Bushnell was "a man of great mechanical powers," wrote the commander in chief, "fertile in inventions and a master of . I thought, and still think, that it (the 'American Turtle') was an effort of genius, but that too many things were necessary to be combined to expect much from an enemy who are

"His job is Watchful Waitin', an' nobody can't say he ain't stickin' to it like a burr to a cow's tail. What he's watchin' for an' how long he'd orter wait fer it-wal, mebbe he dunno that no more'n the burr does."

"I've a notion that after Very Cruz an' Niagary, they ain't no stomack fer startin' anythin' they can't see the end of. An' that's sense, too, said Ezra. "Wal," remarked Scrag Esty, rather ag-

gressively, "you fellers c'n knock all you're a mind to, but nobody can't deny they've kep' us out of a fight." "There was a small war fer the Service o'

Mankind," observed Uncle Eben. "Course nobody ain't claimin' we're in a fight now." "Nobody that kin tell a fight from a foot

race," supplemented Ezra. "Thrue fer ye," said Colgan. "But there's

times whin 'tis safer to fight."

"I'm 'fraid we're li'ble to run short on ideals

ef we keep wastin' them down there," said

"Bless your heart, Exry, there ain't no danger o' that. Single track minds, ef trained proper, kin make everything they run acrost into ideels, as slick as hen feed makes eggs. Hist'ry don't tell of no such output of happy thoughts an' smooth proph'cies as we got in the past three years. They hain't all come out 'cording' to sample an' prediction, but there they be-signboards on the road to p'fection."

"Wal now they mean ter do right," said Scrag. "Why don't ye give 'em credit fer it?"

"Good intentions, Scrag," said Eben, "is somethin' like a pinch o' salt in the burnt soup-spiles the salt an' don't help the soup. Bless ye, I'm willin' to admit that they don't mean no harm, but if the policies they insists on does harm, we ain't so well off as if they'd meant harm an' done good. Good intentions is a fine fireproof pavin' mater'l. They say the mor'l quality of an action lays in the intention, but the p'litical effect lays in the result. An' ef you seen a lot of lemons grow in a peach orchard ye wouldn't need no Moses

or Elias to tell ye somebody'd made a bull." "They kape sayin' thin's is cheerin' up," said Colgan, "but av this is their cheerin' I'd hate to see thim in grief. 'Tis like a fire in a bughouse. I dinnaw fwhat they'll do at all at all."

"I don't reckon they'll train the dagos to be self-gov'nin'," drawled Ezra. "It'll take more time than they've got. Mebbe the Lord kin do it, but He's got eternity. One good thing is when ye come to the end of a single track ye can't do nothin' but back."

"Yes, ye can," said Uncle Eben. "You kin stand still an' whistle."

PARK

TURTLE 135 YEARS AGO SUBMARINE DASH OF THE

VERGEANT EZRA LEE struggled in through the narrow conning tower of the Turtle and perched upon a tall, single-legged stool fastened to the floor of his boat. He toyed for ment with the tiller, beat the submersion lightly with his foot and turned the screw mee or twice. Then, in a half-frightened, halfthat whisper, he gave the word to his friends is two rowboats that were to tow him toward m H. M. S. Eagle lay at anchor, half a mile or Governor's Island. The Eagle was a good, untial 64-gun frigate; it was commanded by ain Duncan and flew the flag of Lord Howe. men in the boats pulled mightily at their fed cars and drew Lee's uncanny craft swiftly

shey rowed the frigate loomed larger, its memed more terrible, the contrast between farle and the Turtle became more awesomely Lee knew it was time to cut the painters to faish the dangerous business alone. The and of an oar might betray them now, or an assembled sailor in the service of the King tispy them, if the moon came out from behind miwark of black cloud. The rowers whispered use "Goodby and God bless you!" as they him. And Fara Lee, late a sergeant in the tental army, sat in his little craft, contemor the sea and the sky and the Eagle.

EWELL TO FRESH AIR AND SO UNDER THE WATER.

alst the strong tide sweep him toward the whim far outside. With hand and foot alterbe worked the screw oar, struggling to apit the vessel. After two hours he succeeded, of hard, he arose for a moment to take his as breaths of pure air; then he pulled down wer of the conning tower and fastened it

Turtle was ready to descend, and Lee of the submersion pedals to let in the water was to sink his boat. There was no light in ale craft save the glow from the chemically st dial of the compass and cork that floated tglass water gauge. As the tanks filled he he piece of phosphorescent cork rise slowly treached a mark that told him he was on a with the keel of the Eagle. Lee's task now pierce the bottom of the frigate and to

attach his torpedo, with its charge of 150 pounds of powder. He grasped the propeller and, turning it with all his strength, drove the piercing screw against the ship.

Instead of boring through soft wood the screw grated upon metal. Lee was surprised, but not discouraged. Again and again he charged the ship's bottom with his little boat. But the screw could not pierce iron.

A BRAVE MAN, SERGEANTT LEE, BUT NOT ENAMORED OF PERISHING.

Sergeant Lee was not a submarine operator by training. He was not even a sailor. He had been relieved of his command in the army quite unexpectedly to take the place of the Turtle's regular operator, who had become ill suddenly. Lee had courage and a measure of adaptability to the water; but he had very little skill in naval tactics some fathoms below the surface. And so, when he found that the obdurate iron band which passed from the rudder hinge and was spiked to the ship's quarter was impenetrable, he did not move off a few inches and feel for unprotected wood, but attempted, instead, to change his position entirely. When he charged the Eagle again Lee discovered that he had wholly lost his bear-He rowed about blindly, but he could no longer touch the frigate. The air in the boat was unbreathable. His head began to throb. A fear of the choking darkness must have seized him, and a vast, sickening terror of the deep. With a quick, nervous jerk he pulled the cord that controlled the ballast. Two hundred pounds of lead dropped from the keel of his boat and the Turtle shot up to the surface. With impatient, trembling hands Lee loosened the cover and pushed it up. Then he stood up and drank in the cool salt air.

DAYLIGHT PURSUES HIM; LIKEWISE THE BRITISH SOLDIERS.

It had been quite dark when Lee descended, but when he looked out of the conning tower he saw that daybreak was too near for him to attempt another attack. He realized at once that his only hope of safety lay in covering the distance to shore as quickly as possible. Again he took hold of the screw oar, and began to turn it desperately. Some soldiers on Governor's Island saw him and put off in a boat. The pursuit had lasted only a few moments when he saw that they were

AFTERNOON

gaining rapidly. As a last resort he threw off the torpedo, which had hampered him not a little, and while his pursuers paused to wonder he made good his escape. An hour later Ezra Lee had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing the terrific explosion of the torpedo.

This is the story of the first submarine attack in the annals of naval war. It took place on an August night, one hundred and thirty-nine years before the Kaiser's craft began to direct torpedoes against British shipping. It occupies only a small paragraph in the naval history of the Revolution, but it was the inspiration of numberless paragraphs in the history of the present struggle in Europe. The Turtle was the first practical submarine. It was an American boat, operated by an American. David Bushnell was its inventor.

MANY EXPERIMENTS CANNOT CONVINCE THE SKEPTICS.

Bushnell was a Connecticut Yankee, a poor farmer's son and a student at Yale. These, briefly, are the facts of his heredity and environment He was nearly thirty when he entered college, and he brought his idea for building a submarine with him. Throughout his student life he drew plans and made experiments. In 1776, a year after his graduation, he was able to offer his boat to the American navy. Bushnell had a hard time at first convincing skeptics that it was possible to explode powder under water. "The first experiment I made," he says, in his memoirs, "was with about two ounces of gunpowder, which I exploded under four feet of water, to prove to some of the first personages in Connecticut that powder could take fire under water."

The experiment was not considered convincing enough. Bushnell next took two pounds of pow der and blew up a huge hogshead filled with stones. Still the skeptics doubted. "I afterward made many experiments of a similar nature," says the inventor, "some of them with large quantities of powder; they produced violent explosionsmuch more than sufficient for any purpose I had

in view." As the war continued and the nearness of the British ships became more threatening. Bushnell's critics became more hopeful and sympathetic. "The famous Water Machine from Connecticut is every day expected in camp," wrote Samuel Os-

Almost exactly a year after Washington crossed the Delaware Bushnell set adrift some torpedoes,

in the shape of kegs of powder, on that same river. His object was to blow up the British shipping above Philadelphia. One boat only was destroyed, but the whole flotilla was effectively intimidated. The alarm of the British is commem orated in Francis Hopkins's song "The Battle of

In 1779 Bushnell was captured by the British, but soon escaped. Abandoning further submarine adventures, he entered the army and became captair in a regiment of sappers and miners organ ized a short time before. In this capacity he served until the end of the war.

MEN WOULD NOT LEARN OF HIM, AND SO HE TAUGHT CHILDREN.

The government never paid Bushnell generously, and he had to go abroad to make a living. France, however, proved no more appreciative than America, so Bushnell returned, to become a school teacher in Georgia. Little is known of his later life, save that he became somewhat less poor and that he impressed favorably the people among whom he lived. It may be that in his obscure Southern school he inspired the construction of the Confederate submarines-"Davids" they were called that made history in the years of the Fed-

always on guard." good to John Adams. "It must unavoidably be a CENTRAL IN MAIDS NURSE THE WITH

